ecstasy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/56529418.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Club Owner Nigel, Rookie Cop Will, Strippers & Strip Clubs, Trans Male Character, Trans Will Graham, Virgin Will Graham, Virginity, References to Drugs, Attempted Non-Con Drug Use, Getting to Know Each Other, Flirting, Banter, Hook-Up, Lap Sex, Unprotected Sex, mix of AFAB and AMAB terms for Will's genitalia, First Time, Loss of Virginity, Prompt Fill, Hannibal Extended Universe, do not copy to another site, DogsDogs, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 156 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 54 of Non Cis Fics
Collections:	Will Graham's Ass — Scramble II
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-09 Words: 3,774 Chapters: 1/1

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Dragged to a strip club by co-workers, rookie cop Will is about to have a really terrible night - then Nigel steps in.

For the WGA Server's Fic Scramble. My prompts were:
• Bottom Will trope: virgin Will
• Scenario/place: strip club
• Random tag: bantering
• Random thing: ecstasy

Nigel didn't like trouble in his club, and the group of men currently at the edge of the stage had looked like trouble from the moment they walked in. They were rowdy in a way he didn't like, in a way that usually meant one of them would try and touch the girls. And all but the youngest of them looked like fucking thugs.

Between their thick meaty fucking heads, Nigel could see a young man who looked really fucking uncomfortable. He hated that shit.

He wasn't stupid, he knew that the vast majority of customers in his club didn't give a much of a shit about the girls, didn't appreciate their skills, or the fucking art of the whole thing. But he hated it when people were forced into his club. Usually dragged along by some toxic macho dick cheese that thought they needed to man up, whatever the fuck that meant.

"Hey," Nigel called across the bar and caught the server's eye, then nodded towards the group. He received a nod in return and the server picked up the walkie-talkie from next to the

till point and spoke into it. Nigel couldn't hear over the noise, but he knew what was being said - this was how it worked.

A few minutes later, one of the bouncers appeared at the back of the club and positioned himself to watch the group. The moment even one of them stepped out of line, they were fucking gone.

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Will grimaced. This was not what he had wanted.

He became a cop because his dad was a cop, before he'd been retired by a gunshot. The man had been miserable all through Will's childhood, forced to fall back onto boat maintenance and telling Will he should aspire to be a cop like he had been before that damn perp. He'd been raised to not really expect or want anything different - to be a cop was to be a man, a real man as far as his dad was concerned. And yet, he hadn't realised how much his heart truly wasn't in it until he went through his training.

And now here he was, a rookie surrounded by some of the worst men he'd ever met.

"This is it, Willy boy! Need to get you a private dance. Might even get your dick wet!"

A large hand slapped him on the back as he tried not to cringe outwardly at the words. Thank god none of them knew. The thought of it all coming out terrified Will - they were shitty enough with him as it was.

They all went back to rowdily and now drunkenly, shouting at the women up on stage as they stripped off their bras and danced on poles. It was actually amazing to watch - not because women did anything for Will at all, but because their skill was undeniable. One woman moved in a way that looked almost like a magic trick, he had no idea how she was even still holding onto the pole - it looked like she was floating.

He was at least grateful that his colleagues seemed to interpret his wonder at the women's skill as lust. He just had to get through the rest of this evening.

With a sigh that he tried to stifle, Will picked up his drink, raising the glass to his mouth.

Before he could even press it to his lips, the glass was violently slapped from his hand.

And then all hell broke loose.

*

Nigel didn't miss the irony that he was only able to buy this club and have the life he did because he'd made a great living as a drug dealer, and yet didn't tolerate drugs in his club. This club was his livelihood, he'd put every cent into it when he'd arrived from Romania, and he had no fucking plans to get shut down. This was a legit business. He'd gone legit.

Plus, he really fucking hated people who drugged others against their will or without their knowledge.

He'd been keeping an eye on the group of shitheads from his position next to the bar, but it was one of the bouncers, Ulf, that intervened. And as soon as Ulf had started towards the group, Nigel had too - knowing Ulf had clearly seen something. Nigel hadn't seen any of them reach up on stage, and he wondered what he had missed, but then Ulf had knocked the drink from the younger guy's hand and everything went to hell.

The glass went straight to the ground, thankfully, but then three of the men immediately jumped on Ulf, and the two girls on stage quickly snatched up their dollars and ran backstage. Another bouncer came from the door and one of the servers vaulted the bar. By the time Nigel got to them, the drunken assholes were pinned to the ground and shouting about being cops.

Of course they fucking were. Wouldn't be the first time he'd had cops causing trouble.

With all the assholes neutralised, the young man stood watching with wide eyes, looking like he had no idea what to do. Was he a cop too? Looked too fresh faced as far as Nigel could tell. All the more so when Nigel got up close, standing next to him as he looked over at Ulf for an explanation.

"Spiked that kid's drink," Ulf immediately explained even as he was patting the guy down a little too aggressively. Moments later he pulled a little plastic bag from the cop's pocket and tossed it to Nigel.

"Ecstasy," he knew those little tablets well. "In my fucking club? Get them the fuck out of here."

They'd already been joined by the two doormen and together they began manhandling the cops towards the exit. Nigel shook his head as he pocketed the drugs and then turned to the kid.

"You okay? They pick you up or something?" Nigel asked, looking the kid over for any signs of mistreatment.

"You think I'm a hooker?" The kid frowned, but he looked more crestfallen than mad. He was clearly having a fucking bad day. "I'm a cop. Well, I'm a rookie. Just started and… I think this was some sort of hazing."

Nigel wanted to say how fucking stupid he thought American cops were but instead found himself saying, "If all cops looked like you, I might not fucking hate them so much."

The silence between them was immediate, but he didn't miss how the rookie's cheeks pinked up.

*

Will wasn't entirely sure how this evening had ended with him sitting in the rather expensive looking office of the club owner, trying not to take up too much room on the comfortable sofa as the man himself remained outside talking to staff.

“Sorry about that,” he said as he came into the room and shut the door behind him. “Fucking hate cops. They cause trouble and then what recourse do we have?” He realised his words and then smirked at Will, “no offence.”

“None taken,” Will replied, letting out a sigh. “Not even sure why I’m here.”

“In here? Because I want to keep an eye on you for a while to make sure they didn’t actually manage to spike your drink. Bad for business if you OD outside my club.”

“No,” Will shook his head, “Why I let them goad me into coming here. Why I try to fit in with them… Why I’m a cop.”

“That’s some heavy shit for this time of night,” the owner smirked again and then dropped onto the sofa next to Will. “You feeling okay? Uh--”

“Will,” he supplied then nodded. “Yeah, I don’t think I was spiked.” As the man relaxed into the cushions Will found himself quickly adding, “But you’re right, I should probably stay awhile.”

The responding smirk went straight to Will’s crotch.

“You should,” the man surveyed Will slowly. “I’m Nigel, and under other circumstances I’d ask if you were a thief.”

Will cocked his head and frowned, which prompted Nigel to continue, “Yeah? How does that line usually end?”

“Because I should probably call the cops before you steal my heart,” Nigel gave a toothy grin.

Will laughed, his body shaking with it, feeling some relief releasing the tension he hadn’t realised gripped him so tightly. “That’s a terrible pick up line. Even if I wasn’t a cop.”

“It’s not a pick up line,” Nigel replied playfully, “just friendly banter with the customers.” His expression suggested otherwise.

“Banter often with the customers do you?” Will asked this with a confidence he didn’t really have, but bouncing off the man’s teasing was surprisingly easy.

“Only the gorgeous ones, gorgeous.”

Will swallowed. He felt hot, his palms were sweaty and his dick was throbbing. The moment between them, eyes locked, seemed to go on forever, until Nigel chuckled and shook his head, breaking the gaze.

“Or that’s what I would say, if it was remotely appropriate. But after all that shit out there… Perhaps if you came back another night. I don’t want to take advantage--”

“No!” Will didn’t mean to respond quite so loudly or passionately. But he felt like he was on the verge of missing out on something that was, ironically, the reason he’d been brought here.

His colleagues had dragged him to the club because they suspected he was a virgin, teased him relentlessly about it. And they were right. He had avoided physical intimacy his whole life, and part of him just wanted it over and done with - but there was no way he was going to let those meatheads know that he was gay, or that he was trans.

“Fuck!” Will grumbled and scrubbed his hands over his face.

*

Nigel watched the young man, his smirk softening to a smile.

“Hey, I’m not kicking you out,” Nigel hoped the reassurance helped, but Will had gone right back to looking like a deer in the headlights - just as he had when he’d first started watching the women up on the stage. Not lustfully though.

Nigel hadn’t missed that. He wouldn’t have called him gorgeous if he didn’t completely trust the way his gaydar was pinging right now. So this wasn’t that, this was something else.

“You’re safe here, I promise.” He rested a hand on Will’s shoulder and felt the man tense and then relax. “Would you like me to call a cab, make sure you get home safe.”

Will shook his head and then looked at Nigel, his cheeks pink - all the way to the tips of his ears.

“It’s not that,” Will said, before letting out a groan and looking up at the ceiling, “they dragged me here to try and get me laid. And… I didn’t want that. I don’t… I’m not into women. And…” he finally lowered his gaze and looked at Nigel, “you’ve been so nice to me.”

Nigel felt that gaze in his fucking cock, this kid really was stunning. But he had to keep his head, this was his club, not a way to pick people up. He wasn’t that guy, even if he fucking wished he was. He’d worked hard not to be, and he wasn’t about to throw it all away for a pretty face.

“Another time,” Nigel tried again, “I’d really like to… get to know you better.”

Will’s face somehow grew even more red and he nodded, looking so fucking embarrased.

“It’s not you!” Nigel tried to console him, laying a soft hand on Will’ thigh. “Fuck, it really isn’t you. But you just had a fucked up experience with a bunch of assholes. And I own this place, you’re in my office. I--”

His words were cut off as the young man launched himself across the narrow space between them, pressing his mouth to Nigel’s in a clumsy and desperate kiss.

And it took so much fucking will power for Nigel to push him off, but he did all the same.

“Will…” He breathed. “Fuck…” He was so fucking hard. Damn, he’d wanted this kid the moment he’d seen him trying not to look at his girls. But he definitely couldn’t do this, not right now, not right here. Could he?

“Please,” Will looked at him with big, watery eyes and Nigel was gone.

“Not here,” he managed to get the words out. “I can’t have people thinking I brought you back here to…”

“You didn’t,” Will insisted, trying to practically climb into Nigel’s lap.

“Not here.” Nigel said again. Go back out the front, take a left, come down the side alley, I’ll meet you there.

Will nodded eagerly and got to his feet.

*

Will did as he was told, hearing the start of a phone call Nigel was making as he closed the door behind him. Telling someone he was going to be going home shortly.

Will beelined for the exit, stopping briefly to thank the bouncers who had helped him, and reassure them he was okay and that a friend was going to meet him outside to take him home.

Outside, the street was empty and there was a light chill in the air. Hopefully not cool enough to bring Nigel back to his senses and have him change his mind.

He wasn’t sure what had come over him. He was never normally forward like this, but the way Nigel had looked at him… There was a hunger there that reflected his own. To the point where Will wasn’t only pursuing this, he was pushing it. Yes, part of it was this year’s long desperation to just get losing his virginity over with, but most of it was the fact he’d never before met anyone he wanted to let pop his cherry, until now.

He got to the side alley just as a door opened and Nigel came out, keys in hand.

“Wait,” Will stopped next to the older man. “If you don’t want to do this--”

His words were cut off by a searing kiss, Nigel pulling him into his arms and pushing him against the wall.

“Come on,” Nigel muttered against his lips as he broke the kiss, and then took Will’s hand, leading him to a small parking lot at the back of the building where a rather nice sports car’s lights flashed as it was unlocked. “You coming to my place, or am I taking you to yours?”

“Yours,” Will answered keenly. Part of him hated the idea of not being in his own space, but he had roommates that he had no plans to have to explain this to. The thought made him wince. What was this fucking life he was living?

They got into Nigel’s car and it was all Will could do not to climb into the man’s lap.

*

Nigel was pleased that Will had elected to go to his apartment. It was barely a ten minute drive and he had everything he needed there. He shook away the thought of rolling on a condom as he tried to focus on the road.

“Almost there, gorgeous,” Nigel settled for placing his hand on Will’s thigh, dragging it up when Will let out a little whimper.

Fuck, he couldn’t wait to get this rookie underneath him - an idea that made him chuckle. He’d never in his life would have predicted that he would fuck a cop.

When Nigel pulled into his assigned parking and killed the engine, he was instantly opening the door, eager to get Will inside, but after a moment he realised Will wasn’t doing the same. He slid back into the driver’s seat and turned to face the young man.

“I can drop you back at the club, or home…” Nigel started, for sure disappointed but not about to force anything. He closed his door, to make it clear they didn’t need to go inside - to cocoon them back into this intimate little space - hidden behind tinted windows.

Will shook his head, “It’s not that. I just… think there’s something I should tell you.”

He looked so damn nervous that Nigel felt an ache in his chest. Someone so beautiful shouldn’t have such a frown.

“Whatever it is--” Nigel started, ready to dismiss any concerns he might have.

“I’m trans. Pre-op… no, not pre-op, I don’t want an op. I mean… I’ve had top surgery, not… I’m happy with, um, being penetra--”

Nigel stopped him with a kiss. He didn’t give a fuck, and he didn’t want Will to think for one moment that it changed anything.

“Can’t wait to fuck you,” Nigel pressed the words against Will’s lips.

With a low moan, Will threw his arms around Nigel’s neck and moved quickly to his lap.

Even lost to the deep, exploring kiss, Nigel had the wherewithal to reach a hand down to the chair lock and pull it up as he pushed back - pushing his seat as far back from the steering column as he could to give them as much room as possible.

Once both hands were free he took Will’s hips and moved him, pulling him further over until Will was straddling him. Nigel had to moan into the boy’s mouth as he used Will’s hips to grind him down on his rock hard cock.

“Getting wet for me, darling?” Nigel asked, biting at Will’s lips.

“Uhuh,” Will was breathless as he began to grind of his own accord.

“Fuck, keep doing that, gorgeous and I’ll come in my pants.” Nigel groaned, breaking the kiss to let his head fall back against the headrest. He moaned even more when Will took the opportunity to kiss, lick and nip at his throat. “Fuck!” Nigel groaned again, his hips fucking upwards so they were grinding hard together.

“Want you inside me,” Will gasped out the words as he pulled back and reached for Nigel’s belt.

Nigel was half fucking gone, and so fucking hard that he only realised what was happening when Will’s hands were on his cock, stroking the throbbing flesh.

“Wait!” Nigel panted, only half meaning it.

“I’ll get a pill tomorrow,” Will replied, the desperation clear in his voice as he made incredibly quick work of pushing down his own jeans until they hung off of one leg. “Have you been tested?”

Nigel was nodding even as he knew he should stop, “Yeah. Regularly. All clear. What about--”

The words were lost to a groan as Will sank down on him. Despite being amazingly wet, Wil was so fucking tight that Nigel’s fingers dug into his hips as he tried not to fucking come.

“I’m a virgin,” Will replied - more than just an answer to the question of STIs. So fucking much more.

“FUck!” Nigel nearly lost his load, but managed to hold on, his head falling forward so his forehead rested on Will’s shoulder as the rookie started to move.

A stilted rhythm at first as he tried to get a grasp of what he was doing, Nigel resisted the urge to fuck up into him.

“Set your own pace, darling.” He growled the words, “Take what you want.”

“Oh god!” Will cried out as he began to really move. He reached out a hand and pressed it to the roof of the car, using it as leverage as he sank all the fucking way down and then pulled back up. He repeated this slowly, twice, then three times. And then he pressed Nigel right back in the chair and his mouth was on Nigel’s once more.

It was a hungry, sloppy kiss as the rookie pumped his hips, spreading the wetness of his pussy all over Nigel.

“Gonna come for me, darling? You wanna come?”

Will tightened slightly, making Nigel wince, as he nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes… make me come.”

Nigel groaned, unable to resist. He went back to kissing Will, moving one hand behind his neck to hold him there, and sliding the other between them until he found Will's cock. It was bigger than a clit, and so fucking slick that it was easy to slide his fingers either side of it and jerk him off.

"Nigel!"

*

Will was almost delirious with pleasure.

He hadn't planned this. And he'd never anticipated any of it - losing his virginity in a car to a practical stranger, with no surnames and no condom. But it was happening, and Will was so close to coming that his body felt like a livewire.

He was no stranger to orgasms, and he knew exactly how to pleasure himself just right. He just hadn't anticipated how it would feel to have someone else's hands on him. He was already imagining those thick fingers inside him whilst he rode Nigel's cock.

Hopefully this wasn't a one and done. At the least, he wanted to make it up to Nigel's apartment and do this again, and again.

"Fuck, darling, you're so tight. You clench up everytime I--" Nigel demonstrated rather than explained - pressing his fingers back - stroking him to his base.

"So good, so good," Will muttered, though he wasn't sure whether the words were even discernable. "Oh god." He was so close now that his body was starting to feel like jelly.

"Almost there, darling. I can feel it. Feel you getting tighter. Am I the first person to make you come?"

Will nodded, savouring the responding groan.

"Fuck, can't wait to come inside you, need to, darling. Need you to know what it feels like."

Will shuddered, no longer lifting himself up, only grinding himself down - on Nigel's hard cock, on his fingers.

"Gonna… gonna…" Will panted, closer and closer until--

His whole body spasmed - hard. He could feel every inch of Nigel inside him as his muscles clenched tight around the thick, throbbing cock.

"There you go, gorgeous, there you go," Nigel encouraged as he started to move his own hips, fucking up into Will as much as he was able until he was shuddering and wincing. His face slack with bliss as both hands moved to Will's hips, pushing him down until they were pressed tight together - Nigel spiling deep inside him.

"Take it, take it," he muttered over until they both became pliant and slumped against each other.

*

Nigel knew he shouldn't have done that. Fuck. He really shouldn't have done that.

And yet now the rookie was in his fucking bed, forgoing a condom once more as Nigel made a mental note to drive him to a pharmacy in the morning to get a morning-after pill.

In the meantime he pulled Will's leg up and pushed deeper inside him.

"I'll show you ecstasy," he muttered against Will's ear, as the rookie groaned and shuddered.

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